



# *Ex-CBI Roundup*

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

JUNE  
1967







NATIVE shoemaker works in his sidewalk shop in Delhi, India. Photo by Stanley J. Paszkewicz.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



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CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 22, No. 6

June, 1967

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer ..... Editor

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## Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● Sometimes it seems as though the sources of CBI information are drying up—that there will be nothing available for the next issue of Ex-CBI Roundup. Then a CBier comes up with an original story, a number of interesting letters arrive, other material becomes available, and once again we have a complete issue of the magazine.

● We appreciate the old copies of CBI Roundup, Indian newspapers and various magazines on China and India which have been contributed recently by readers. These publications are extremely helpful as reference material, and we are making good use of them.

● This month's cover shows 14th Air Force personnel stationed at an airfield in China, taking advantage of the PX to purchase souvenirs for family and friends. (US Air Force photo).

● Reunion time is almost here, and we hope more CBiers than ever are planning to bring the family to the big event in Cincinnati August 3-5. It's an opportunity for an enjoyable family vacation, a chance to meet old friends and rehash World War II experiences, and everyone should take advantage of it if possible. We suggest you make reservations now at the Sheraton Gibson Hotel.

● Too many subscribers are still failing to notify us when they move! Don't forget, let us know promptly in case of any change in your address, no matter how small it may be. Otherwise you may not receive your next issue of Roundup.

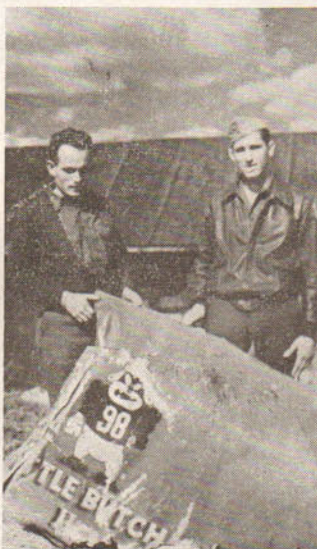
JUNE, 1967



## Khanspur Rest Camp

● For a time I was stationed at a rest camp at Khanspur, near Rawalpindi, and while I was there the brass came and took many pictures. I was informed that this was being done at all rest camps for the purpose of putting out some printed material on the camps. Khanspur was a beautiful spot, and many troops serving in India were sent there for two-week periods. I recall that the officer in charge of the project was a Lt. Col. Minmau; if you could ever get your hands on that material it would really be of great interest to all who were fortunate enough to get to Khanspur.

PHIL ALDRICH,  
Milbank, S.D.



SEQUEL to picture which appeared in July 1965 issue, in which Tom Harmon, All-American football player from the University of Michigan, was shown with his plane in China. This is a piece of the same plane at a later date; fortunately Pilot Harmon was not in it when it hit the ground. Photo by Herbert R. Wampole.



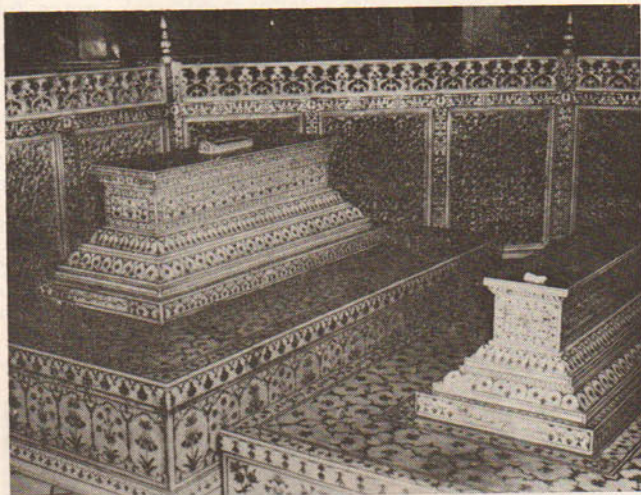
### New Iowa Officers

● CBI vets from three states—Iowa, Nebraska and South Dakota—converged on Sioux City for a “ding hao” time the weekend of May 5-7 for the Iowa Basha state meeting. National CBIVA Commander Joe Nivert was in attendance, and had both newspaper and TV interviews. Elected new commander of the

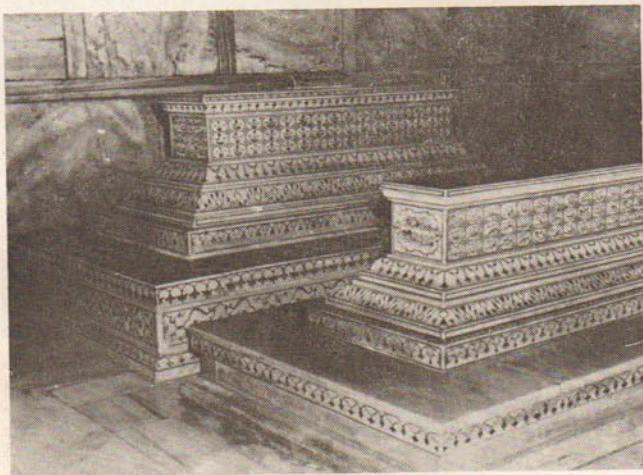
Iowa Basha is Marvin Boyenga, automobile dealer from Mason City. Sahib Boyenga served in CBI with the Mars Task Force. Also elected were Charles Bloom of Ottumwa, vice commander; Don Doyle of Sioux City, judge advocate; William Jones of Rose Hill, chaplain; Vernon Jones of Des Moines and Ray Pricke

of the board of directors. Reelected were Neil Maurer of Laurens, public relations officer and historian; and Ray Alderson of Dubuque, adjutant. Twenty-two CBI vets joined the CBIVA and attended their first get-together. The 1968 spring meeting will be held at Amana.

RAY ALDERSON,  
Dubuque, Iowa



DISPLAY TOMBS on main level of the Taj Mahal are only for display, with actual tombs of Mumtaz Mahal and Shah Jahan in a room directly below. Grillwork around the tombs is of hand-carved marble.



REAL TOMBS in Taj Mahal are shown in this picture. Identical in appearance to the display tombs above, they are located in a room lined with marble. Both photos by Herbert R. Wampole.

### Roy Hutchinson

● Roy C. Hutchinson, 75, retired civic leader, peace justice and engineer, died recently at Warsaw, N.Y., after a long illness. He had been employed as an engineer for the New York State Department of Public Works, retiring from that position in 1950; served 27 years as a member of the Warsaw Town Board; and was chairman of the Perry-Warsaw Airport Board from 1952 to 1958. A World War I Army veteran, he served during World War II as a field representative for the American Red Cross in India. He was ARC field director in the Panda-Asansol area and later at the Bengal Air Depot until it was closed down. Survivors include his wife, two daughters, a son and nine grandchildren.

(From a newspaper clipping submitted by William S. Smallwood, former field director ARC, 4th Combat Cargo Group, Warsaw, N.Y.)

### 758th Shop Battalion

● Enjoy Ex-CBI Roundup very much . . . have been a subscriber for 15-20 years. I was with Company C, 758th Railway Shop Battalion. Am now chief chemist for Safeway Stores Dairy Division, Quality Control and Research Department, in Oakland.

JOHN A. BANTLY,  
Concord, Calif.

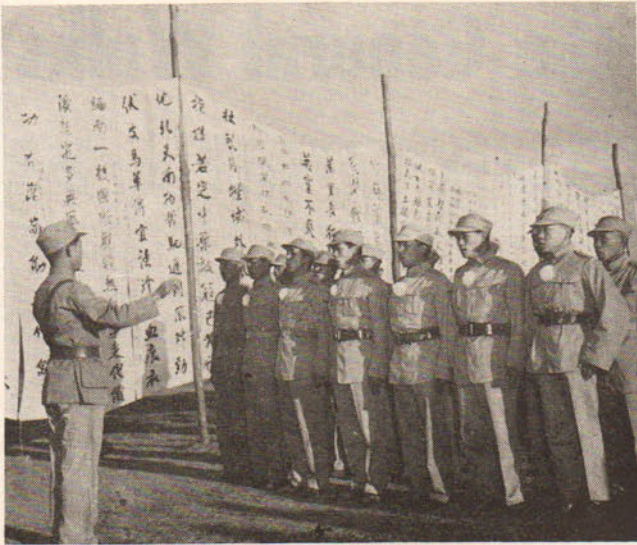
### Likes Roundup

● Keep up the good work with the magazine. It's swell.

A. JANKO,  
McKeesport, Pa.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP





CHINESE officers training class at Ramgarh Training Center. Photo by Frank Amelia.

### 73rd Evac. Hospital

● While shopping at the McChord A.F.B. commissary near Tacoma, Wash., I met Betty Scherer Frederickson, an ex-Army nurse from our 73rd Evacuation Hospital unit, which was stationed at Ledo, India, and later at "Shing," Burma. Betty and I are enjoying many chit-chats. Her husband, Col. Marshall Frederickson, is stationed at McChord. Betty is taking a refresher course in nursing at Madigan General Hospital, near Ft. Lewis, Wash. Brig. Gen. Richard Crone, M.C., present commanding general of Madigan General Hospital, also served in CBI. Lt. Col. Carl Goetz, Retired, lives in the Tacoma area—he, too served in CBI with the 73rd. I retired in 1962 for only a short time—back nursing at Madigan General with the newborn nursery, "my specialty."

DORA M. HENNING,  
Lt. Col., Retired  
Tacoma, Wash.

### Karachi Terminal

● Sure was glad to see your cover picture of March. I recognized it im-

mediately, as I spent four days there with three other buddies. We arrived at Karachi Air Base June 10, 1943, via C-47 from Florida. It was late at night and, I believe by mistake, some corporal told us to stay there until we were called for and to eat our meals downstairs. This we did for four days, until some officers happened by our room

and asked why we were there. Being in charge of the group I said we had followed our last order to wait until called for. A couple hours later we were on our way to Chabua, India, and finally went to Tezpur, India. Here we served as radio operators. When enough planes arrived we were put on flying the Hump until late in 1944. One of my old Tezpur buddies whom I hadn't seen since I left there in 1944 paid me a visit in 1965, 21 years later. He is from Allentown, Pa. Hope some year the CBI reunion gets out this way; I'll definitely make it.

ERNEST P. ORSINI,  
Altamont, N.Y.

### Original Subscribers

● Have been one of your original subscribers, and would hate to miss a single issue. It wasn't too long ago that a greeting was sent, through you, from some faithful 5th Replacement Depot workers of Chabua now living in New York. Let me return belated greetings and if any come to Florida, I hope they will look me up.

MRS. WM. N. GILLETTE,  
(Ruth Meighan),  
St. Petersburg, Fla.



FRONTIER MAIL, crack passenger train between Bombay and Rawalpindi, in Northern India. Train journey took two nights and two days; traveler had to furnish his own bedding for the trip. Photo by Ben Brannon.



It Might Have Been a Wild Dream

# If or When the General Walks

By HARWOOD L. STOWE, M.D.

Sometimes when I look back on what happened during my short stay in China in 1944, I wonder if I hadn't just experienced a wild dream.

I belonged to a portable surgical hospital which, as its name implies, is an extremely mobile surgical unit designed for doing surgery in jungle warfare and in situations where the wounded cannot immediately be sent back to a more elaborate and better-protected base hospital.

I had been on detached duty from my unit during our trip from the states and, on arrival in Calcutta in late November, I was ordered to re-join it in Kunming, China. I was first sent to Chabua, Assam, by train. From there I was to fly the Hump to Kunming. There was a backlog of personnel waiting transportation due to the fact that the A.T.C. was flying

the Hump only at night . . . the Japs had been knocking too many planes down during daylight travel. So we sweat it out!

Finally I received a call to report for what turned out to be the first daylight flight in about two weeks. I wasn't too happy about that. The plane was a converted B24. The pilot, a serious-minded young fellow, briefed us on the trip. We were furnished with parachutes and instructed how to pull the wire. Just before boarding the plane he warned us that in case it became necessary to jump, he would tolerate no delay by us—punctuating the statement by patting a .45 automatic which he was carrying. It turned out to be a clear day with perfect visibility—for Japs too—so, with this briefing, all hands were put in a cheerful and expectant state of mind.

Aside the anticipation of probable encounter with the Japs, the trip itself



SKETCH by William Reussig, a New York correspondent, is "artist's view" of the important ceremony which led to the announcement that the operation was a success.



proved to be extremely thrilling. At first we flew over beautiful jungle-covered foot-hills which were not particularly rugged. Then we kept climbing to attain enough altitude to clear the approaching Himalaya mountains which appeared to grow higher and higher as we drew closer. As Hilton described them in "Lost Horizon," they seemed to tower (over you) in an ever-increasingly circling fashion until it appeared there was no place to clear them.

The passengers had no oxygen, the plane was not pressurized and, with a slight head-cold, I soon developed an exquisite earache and headache that felt like the top of my head was going to pop off. However, the beauty and thrill of the flight made up for the discomfort. The trip was uneventful, after all, and we arrived in Kunming around five o'clock in the afternoon.

In China the officers' and enlisted men's housing facilities consisted of various type buildings and were identified as "hostels." I was assigned to Hostel #1 which was located across the city from the airport. For me this meant a hair-raising ride in a jeep with a driver who was irked to have to make the trip this late in the day. He really made time through those narrow cobblestone streets, people and dogs darting and scattering on all sides. I began to feel I had been better off while flying the Hump. But we finally made it.

Hostel #1 had been a University of Kunming classroom building. It was rather crudely built but picturesque and was part of a group of buildings which housed the headquarters of Y.F.O.S. which represented a certain section of the Chinese armed forces along with American officers and enlisted men who were assigned to serve as an advisory group to the Chinese army. I was soon to discover that I had arrived in this locale through an error in the orders I received in Calcutta! My hospital was designated for Burma instead of China. This was an ominous piece of information, for it sounded as though I had seen the last of my outfit. At this period of the war, there was a quote, "Once over the Hump, you're there to stay"—this being due to the limitation of transportation back to India, only way out. So it appeared that I must hang around and be re-assigned to a new organization. This predicament left me considerably at leisure for awhile.

All during my stay in Kunming there was, on the average, one "jing bow" threat every two to three days. A "jing bow" is the Chinese term for a Jap air raid. There were three graduations of warning; a white, yellow, or red ball

was hoisted from a high tower in the center of the city, denoting to the townspeople which condition existed. If white, it would be approximately three hours before the expected raid, yellow thirty to ten minutes and red meant they were upon us. We soon discovered that the populace had some underground source of information regarding these raids for the warnings were usually ignored. However, on two occasions while I was there, the people really began to evacuate the city, streaming out the roads like hordes of ants—and, sure enough, it was on these occasions that we actually had raids.

It was at this time that I was instructed to report to Col. M. E. Jennings, V.C., who was the adjutant-general of Y.F.O.S. "Captain" he said, "I notice you are classified as a surgeon. You will report at the airfield at one o'clock. I am flying you south to operate if it seems necessary. I have already arranged with the station hospital to have ready a field set of operating instruments and these will be delivered to the airport. In the meantime, you had better locate another surgeon for an assistant and pick up a few personal effects. However, take only the bare necessities because you are traveling in a L-5 plane and there won't be much space left after you pack your instruments."

Since it was then noon, we didn't have much time for preparation. I located Captain Joseph D. Eggleston, Jr., who hailed from Augusta, Georgia, as my assistant. He was C. O. of the 48th Portable Surgical Hospital. I didn't know how long we'd be away so I took just my coat and hoped we'd be gone only a few hours.

At the field where we were to meet the planes we found considerable confusion. The field supply chest from the station hospital at Kunming was supposed to have contained all the instruments necessary to perform a major operation. In going over them I found some major items missing. Also we needed anesthetic, disinfectant, antibiotic, and intravenous fluids. So there was a delay while jeeps were rushed to various places for these items.

In the meantime, Colonel Jennings was filling us in on what the excitement was all about. It seems that a Lt. General Chao Kung-Wo, who commanded the 52nd Chinese army, was ill with what appeared to be acute appendicitis. At the moment he was being transported from the Chinese-Indo-Chinese border in a sedan chair borne by his soldiers to a village in south China called Yenchan which was approximately one hundred miles north of Hanoi, Indo-China. This



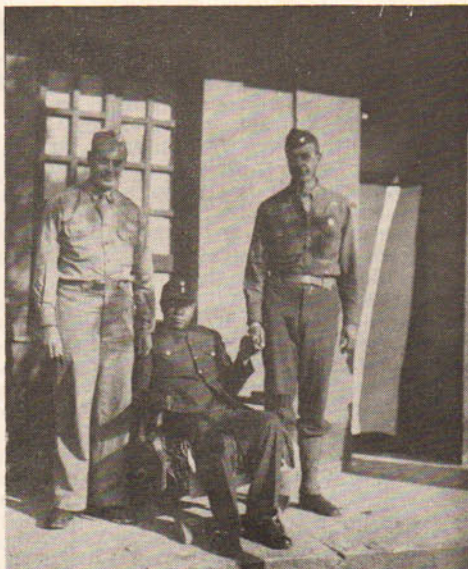
individual was highly regarded by the allies because he was one of the few Chinese commanding generals who really cooperated with them and whose army had been effective in protecting the south and most vulnerable flank of Kunming. Kunming was important because it was the only place left in China to which we could fly vital supplies for the Flying Tigers and those armies fighting off the Japs in China. So it was important that he be returned to service as soon as possible.

The missing items of our supplies began to arrive. We obtained almost everything we needed except an adequate amount of anesthetic. There was only one ampule of procaine, a spinal anesthetic, available, and from what the medical supply officer said, I gathered it was the only ampule in all China at that time. Since there was a good chance this would not be sufficient, we were given in addition some sodium pentathol to use. This type of anesthetic renders a patient unconscious but does not give good relaxation of the abdominal muscles, also, its use causes the intestines to balloon up making surgical work within the abdominal cavity extremely difficult.

At the last moment Eggleston's L-5 developed engine trouble so he had to switch planes. Finally we were all set. We flew at a high elevation, partly because of the high, rugged mountains we had to cross but also because this was Jap patrolled area. This trip was uneventful, and took around four hours. Our landing area was not a regular landing field but a Chinese parade ground, surrounded on three sides by a loop of a meandering, sizeable river and on the fourth side by a bluff. To land it was necessary to set the plane down immediately after crossing one arm of the river and praying it would stop before reaching the other. To make it more interesting, there was a fairly deep drainage ditch in the middle of the parade grounds which had to be negotiated. Making a dry run, my pilot observed we had a cross wind. From what I observed, it couldn't be done. But on the next swing around, he crossed the river arm, expertly side-slipped to the ground. I was chewing my stomach and pushing hard on imaginary brakes as we bumped over the ditch and finally stopped just short of the river at the far end of the field.

We were immediately in the midst of a swarm of Chinese men and children; it was impossible to taxi the plane and the pilot shut off the engine before someone was cut down by the propellor.

The field was just outside Wenchan, a primitive walled city of southwestern



THE GENERAL poses (center) with Capt. H. L. Stowe (left) and Col. H. H. Vreeland, liaison officer.

China. We were met by Col. V. Vreeland, a professor of history at Yale in peacetime. He was liaison officer and adviser to the 52nd Chinese army. We packed our instruments into the jeep and drove twenty-five miles further south through mountains to the small city of Yenchan. Just outside of this city was a military compound covering approximately a section, completely enclosed by a high wall made out of mud and straw bricks. This was our destination.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon by now. I asked Col. Vreeland if we should now see the patient; he hesitated, then agreed, and we proceeded to the General's quarters. I now understand the colonel's hesitation; he was debating on correct Chinese protocol. We later learned that the proper procedure demanded first paying our respects to General Lui, who was in command in place of the ailing general, and then requesting from him permission to see the patient.

General Chao Kung-Wo was stocky in build, about 5'6" in height, broad shouldered, thick necked, stern in his facial expression, giving the impression he was accustomed to authority. He lay quietly in a huge bed, propped up in a semi-reclining position. He wore a black skull cap on his head. He was pale but did not express pain or discomfort even though he was severely ill, had just experienced a trying journey and had had no relief from his pain for some hours.



Through our interpreter we found that the general had been ill for three days, had had nausea and had vomited several times. In the beginning the pain was in the pit of his stomach but gradually, becoming more severe, had localized in the lower right abdomen. The pain persisted until yesterday when it suddenly stopped, but he felt much sicker and he was now very sore in the lower right abdomen. Examination revealed signs which suggested acute appendicitis complicated by perforation.

Dr. Eggleston and I agreed that "perforated appendix" was the diagnosis and that surgery was indicated. We told our interpreter to tell the proper persons so that we could proceed.

Mr. Sung, our interpreter, was a young Chinese, very sharp. He held a unique position in the Chinese army set-up, apparently was answerable to no one and was regarded with some respect. Because of this he was able to get in a lot of scuttle-butt. Also he liked to show off his knowledge of English by talking more than necessary. He boasted of being a Communist spy and took great pride in the fact. He made no attempt to conceal this fact even from the Chinese army personnel.

My ignorance of Chinese customs had now put me in a bad position. It seems I had offended General Lew, now in command, by not going through proper procedures. I had already examined the patient, made a diagnosis and determined the proper treatment, all according to accepted American custom. But here in China they have a different approach; it didn't appear so simple—and it wasn't.

I was requested to appear at a meeting to be held at approximately 7:00 p.m. for the purpose of discussing the illness of General Chao Kung-Wo.

We were directed to the building in the compound where the meeting was to be held. It was quite large, able to accommodate about fifty people I should judge. Those officers present seemed to be more of the general officer class—that is—generals, colonels, majors and possibly a few captains. The conference was under the jurisdiction of General Lew. His "prosecutor" was a Colonel Ho, who, from the start appeared antagonistic toward me. I later learned that his function with the army was similar to that of a medical officer in the American army. Although he had no formal medical training he was the personal physician to General Chao Kung-Wo and had been with him throughout his illness.

As we entered the hall, all the officers stood and snapped to attention. We were

formally introduced to the General, the colonel and the staff with the aid of our cocky little interpreter. We were served with tea and there was easy "time o'day" conversation midst the group for perhaps half an hour. Then we entered into what was the business of the day. Colonel Ho was to act as the M.C. and Mr. Sung as a go-between (I think he was prone to interpret according to his feelings).

It started out very formally. Colonel Ho asked, "Who are you?" I answered that I was Captain Stowe, U.S. Army. "Why are you here?"—"To help take care of General Chao." "Who asked for your help?" "I was asked to come here by my commanding officer." "Who gave you permission to examine the General?" "No one. I didn't realize I needed permission." "General Lew is now in command and his permission should have been obtained before you saw the patient." Pause.

"I understand you have already examined the General." "Yes." "What were your findings?" "I found the General had an acute appendicitis with perforation." "Isn't this a fatal condition?" "Not necessarily." "Then what would you recommend?" "Remove the appendix." "Would this keep the General alive?" "Yes, unless some unexpected complication arose."

"Then I gather it is your opinion that the General will not survive without an operation?" "Not necessarily but he has a better chance of survival with surgery." "Are you sure?" "Yes."

From Mr. Sung we learned that Colonel Ho had made a flat statement that the General would die, that nothing could be done to help him. If the general staff decided to follow our recommendation, considerable loss of face would be the end result for him. To have foreign officers fly in and make him out wrong in his prophecy was understandably not to his liking.

The next few minutes were taken up by discussion among the officers led by Colonel Ho who spoke vigorously, frequently gesturing toward us, and on occasion, glaring and pointing. As Mr. Sung further reported, he was disturbed at our audacity in examining the General without permission and questioned our diagnosis, proposed treatment and particularly our prognosis.

Abruptly, Colonel Vreeland, Captain Eggleston and I were dismissed from the room and instructed to remain outside until called. There we found a squad of soldiers armed with rifles and bayonets. We were not sure and never really found out if this squad was designated for us but from all appearances it looked like





PORTRAIT of the General, presented to the author in appreciation for services rendered.

it—and you can be sure it did not make us feel particularly secure.

This was a frustrating situation. Here we had been sent down to operate on a Chinese general, he was in serious condition with a ruptured appendix and now we must go through a rigamarole meeting, wasting precious time, to discuss the patient's illness!

It wasn't long before we were called back to another conference. As we entered the room, the officers jumped to attention until we were seated. And again, as before, we were served with tea—again the chit chat on irrelevant subjects such as the weather, the health of President Roosevelt and so forth. Then once more to business. Once more I was called upon to identify myself, asked why I was there, and under whose authority, and I answered as I had at the previous meeting. The fact that I had examined the General without authority was brought up again, and again discussed at some length among the officers. We had to depend entirely on the interpreter, and I was always a little concerned whether the right information was going back and forth.

Colonel Ho asked "Did you say, Cap-

tain Stowe, that General Kung-Wo was suffering from a ruptured appendix?"

I answered, "Yes."

Colonel Ho, with a gleam in his eye, placed an old book in my hands. It was an old American surgical textbook edited, I think, in 1915 or near that time. A place was marked in the book and he requested me to read aloud one sentence which read: "In case of ruptured appendix you do not operate."

He asked me to repeat this and after the interpreter had relayed my message, there was bedlam in the room. I imagined I was receiving dirty looks from many of those present. After things quieted down, the Colonel asked me how I accounted for these opposing methods of treatment. So, through the interpreter, I tried to explain that with newer techniques, with the use of intravenous fluids and sulfa drugs which we now had available, the treatment for ruptured appendix had been drastically changed.

From the expressionless reaction, I was not sure that this information was properly translated. However, the next question was, "Do you still feel that surgery is the best treatment?" By this time about four hours had elapsed since I had last seen the General and, to be doubly sure, I asked for permission to return to him and check his present condition. I was accompanied to his bedside by the armed squad and examination revealed the same conditions. He was very ill and pretty much exasperated because of the delay in treatment. It was now ten-thirty in the evening. We were requested to return to the conference room and, at this time, it had been emptied of most of the officers, only Colonel Ho, General Lui and two other doubtless important persons remained. Again tea and questioning; General Lui was anxious to learn how the patient was coming along. Again I was asked my advice as to his treatment and I, now thoroughly irritated by these seemingly delaying tactics, felt I should say something that might stir some action. So I said I still felt the General should be operated on as soon as possible and that his chances were very good. On the other hand, if it were delayed much longer or he were not operated, there was no question in my mind but that he would die, or at least be so ill as to be of no value to the army again. I also pointed out that they were at this stage holding his life in their hands and were solely responsible.

There was a brief discussion among them and then Mr. Sung was given the final verdict to deliver to us. "You are



instructed to proceed with the operation." The "go ahead" sign at last!

We were conducted to the place in which we were to operate; it was a small, one-room hut, crudely built with the large brown clay brick used in that region, the framework was of bamboo and the roof was tile. The floor was dirt, the room was damp and cold and there was only the door for ventilation. Two charcoal stoves consisting of a rack about six inches high which supported a foot-square metal tray covered with glowing charcoal were carried in,—one can imagine the smoke in that small un-ventilated room. But after an initial period of near suffocation and streaming eyes, we were able to control our choking and see fairly well though our eyes

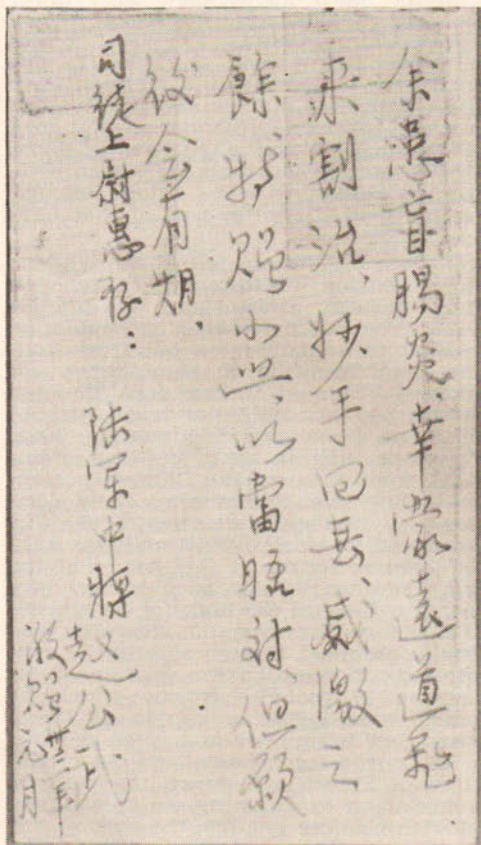
burned intensely. The operating table was merely a bench with elongated legs. There was a stand at one end of the room which held a fairly clean washpan for scrubbing. For lights there was a gasoline lantern and a couple of flash-lights.

It had been drizzling all evening. The General, whose quarters were almost a mile away, was brought into the room, by a half-dozen litter bearers, who carried into the room enough mud to make the area around the operating table wet and slick. To further complicate these trying circumstances, Captain Eggleston experienced difficulty in administering the one ampule of spinal anesthetic due partly to the stocky build of the General but more to the inability of Mr. Sung to interpret properly Captain Eggleston's instructions to the General.

When he finally had completed his anesthesia, Captain Eggleston scrubbed in with me. Dr. (K L.) Hui checked the blood pressure and assisted as a surgical nurse. The time was one-thirty in the morning. We proceeded with the surgery, using a right rectus incision, feeling we could get better exposure of the affected parts since the patient was obese and the light poor. The abdominal contents were exposed and several coils of small intestines were matted together with fine adhesions. These were separated and the appendix was found surrounded by an abscess. But this was not the whole problem. Colonel Ho was holding a flashlight on the operative field since the gasoline lantern gave us only shadows to work in. He seemed to sense when I was going to clamp off an important bleeder and would switch the light away, making it impossible or at least difficult for me to clamp it off by direct vision.

And this was still not all. The anesthetic began to wear off and Eggleston had to leave as my assistant so that he could administer pentathol, our only other anesthesia. In the meantime, Dr. Hue scrubbed in with me and we proceeded with the operation. As I mentioned earlier, pentathol causes the intestines to balloon up and does not cause the abdominal muscles to relax. So our troubles with the poor light and the poor light holder were considerably increased while trying to isolate the appendix, ligate the blood supply and remove it. Then the task of closing the incision with the tight muscles was a real job. It was four-thirty or five o'clock in the morning when we finished and boy, were we whipped!

The patient was carried that mile back to his bed. Eggleston and I were shown a room without beds, we were so



GENERAL's note, accompanying portrait: "I was sick with appendicitis and was so fortunate as to have had you come from afar and treat me. It is because of your operative treatment that I am now recovering. I am very much obliged to you and, therefore, present this picture to you as a souvenir. Hoping to see you later. Chao Kung-Wu., Lt. General."



tired we just lay on the floor in our coats and I, for one, slept so soundly I didn't know until the next morning that a rat had gnawed a hole through my coat pocket to get at a couple of peanuts.

At about eight o'clock this same morning I was roughly—and I mean roughly—awakened by a Chinese G.I. I thought for an instant he was going to beat me up but he was only trying to communicate with me. I had to get up and look for Mr. Sung. I was apprehensive because I was sure something had happened to the patient. But no—the interpreter informs me I am to be the guest of honor at a banquet celebrating the General's successful operation, this morning at ten o'clock, a bare two hours away!

I called on my patient and he seemed in good condition. Looking dignified and stately, he reclined on a huge bed approximately ten feet square, a couple of orderlies standing at each side. He was propped up by a large, luxurious-looking pillow, the whole bed was covered with a spread of thick black silk into which were woven dragons, pheasants and other designs in gold. This was a lovely thing. Just to lift its heaviness gave one the sensation of elegance. It was the one single item of beauty that I saw in that part of China. I admired it many times—how I would have liked to spirit that piece of goods home!

The attendants seemed quite perturbed so I had to look up Mr. Sung again. He announced that the General had not passed any gas yet and they were worried! I reassured them he probably wouldn't for two or three days yet. They looked at me with unconvinced expressions and shrugged their shoulders.

By the time I had completed this call and written a report on the operation, it was time for the banquet. There was a general air of celebration, the same officers who last night had been hostile were today happy, exuberant and appeared appreciative of the operation. To judge from the set-up, preparations for the feast must have started before the operation was over. Perhaps they were relieved someone else had the responsibility for their commander's state of health and felt face had been saved.

The banquet room was large enough to accommodate six to eight circular tables with approximately eight to ten to a table, the general officers at the table of honor where I was assigned then the lower grades in rotation and the lowly lieutenants bringing up the far rear.

All tables were loaded with filled dishes, sweet and sour pork, rice, cakes, rolls, chicken with claws, heads and eyes that

seemed to look at me. But it was delicious food.

This was an occasion when I was to learn a lesson the hard way. There was a huge, hardy hulk of a man, a colonel in rank, who was constantly hovering around my chair with a small glass of rice wine. He represented General Chao Kung-Wo at the party and he was assigned the job of being the General's toast drinker. At intervals he would propose to me a toast and then "Gombai." This meant "bottoms up." I felt I must respond each time or he might be offended. There is, however, a phrase in Chinese which one might say in response to "Gombai" which means "I touch my lips" and which is accepted as a courteous response, but much to my sorrow, I didn't learn about that until much too late. Toasts were proposed to the U.S.A., China, Chiang Kai-shek, Roosevelt, our absent host and also to me. Then each table sent up a representative of its rank to "Gombai" and finally each of the services represented at my own table, such as the engineers, artillery, medics, etc., raised their glasses in turn. Strange as it may seem, I don't remember much of the latter part of that banquet!

Captain Eggleston felt there was no more need for him to remain in Yenchan and I agreed. Since there was no air transportation immediately available, he decided to accompany a two-truck convoy from Wenchan to Kunming where his own headquarters was located. Then we learned he could not leave without clearance from staff headquarters here. There was still an air of hostility emanating from some of the Chinese personnel—being over-ridden after their decision on non-operative treatment, this amounted to a deep insult and was hard for them to forgive. I feel now that the army surgeon would much rather have seen the General die than for he himself to lose face. However, the clearance was finally obtained, though shortly the captain was to question the wisdom of his decision to go. The convoy which he joined consisted of a couple of Chevy trucks, an interpreter and some enlisted men. On the second day, just out of Kai Yuan, a French village on the railroad from Saigon to Kunming, an area infested with Chinese bandits, the convoy was attacked and one of the enlisted men badly injured. They did finally make it through, however.

After learning of Eggleston's difficulty in obtaining permission to leave, I decided I would be smart to get out of there myself. So I spoke to Colonel Vreeland stating that the Red Cross doctor, Dr. Hui, certainly could handle the post-



operative care and treatment of the patient at this point. But the decision that came back from the staff was negative and there was an additional statement: "WHEN THE GENERAL WALKS, CAPTAIN STOWE WILL BE PERMITTED TO LEAVE!"

To make the atmosphere even more ominous, a new piece of information reached me which really made me begin to sweat.

I was checking the patient, who seemed in good shape, temperature down, the abdomen soft and he was relatively free of pain. The only thing wrong so far as the Chinese attendants were concerned was the fact that he had not passed his gas. I again reassured them and left with Mr. Sung who was in his usual talkative mood. Now he informed me that there was a rumor going around that the General's appendix had not been removed at all. Wow!

What did I do with the appendix??? In all the turmoil, smoke, tension, fatigue and sweat of the operation, I had completely forgotten what I did with it. Under ordinary circumstances, in a nice, clean, well-regulated American hospital, a nice, clean nurse would hold out a nice, clean receptacle into which you would drop the specimen automatically and without a second thought. What could have happened to it? Now there was sweat on my brow. I took Mr. Sung down to the hut where we had operated. The interior was still dark, damp and cluttered, here and there a bloody scrap of gauze but no evidence of an appendix. Outside a bucket of gauze dressings, and cotton had been dumped and scattered. A little further down the path some scrawny chickens were scratching for food. I had an unhappy thought.

An elderly Chinese farmer was sitting nearby watching us as we searched. I told Mr. Sung to ask him if there was anyone responsible for cleaning up the area. He didn't know but volunteered the information that a couple of men had been doing the same thing that we were doing the day before!

More sweat and thinking. I finally decided to explain the situation to General Chao himself. He understood the state of affairs immediately, and with anger in his eyes and voice, he gave some orders to his orderly who left hurriedly. Then he dismissed us without any explanation or reassurance. The interpreter said he could not hear the General's orders so he didn't know what was going on.

Later that afternoon, an orderly came to my quarters, asked me to accompany him to General Lui. Dr. Hui was there holding a bottle, assured me that this contained the General's appendix pre-

served in alcohol and that it had been taken from the possession of Colonel Ho. What a relief!

A couple of hours later, the interpreter came to me stating I was instructed to again meet with General Lui. This officer was a soft-spoken, gentlemanly type of person. We had tea and discussed the "time of day," finally he came to the point of the visit. He appreciated and respected my position as General Chao Kung-Wo's surgeon, he said, but his fellow officers as well as himself were deeply concerned. It had been reported that the General had not yet passed his gas! Could I explain this? What could be done? Two and a half days had passed since the operation!

I told Mr. Sung to inform him I would order an enema to be performed on the next day. Upon hearing this, General Lui's eyes lit up and a happy, relieved expression spread over his face. He turned to his orderly and made some crisp remarks which seemed to inspire the orderly for he hurried out of the room as though he was bursting with information. The General then said this was wonderful news, he was sure the staff as a whole would be considerably relieved to hear it. And with this, Mr. Sung and I were excused.

From this hour on there was an air of released tension throughout the compound, even the soldiers seemed happier. Everyone was smiling and everyone appeared expectantly happy. There was a bustling of activity.

That evening a Captain came to my quarters stating that he represented General Lui and was pleased to carry a special invitation asking the honor of my presence at an affair which would occur at ten o'clock sharp the next morning. It was for the purpose of observing the administration of an enema to the General.

From the manner in which the invitation was proffered, I assumed it must be a dress affair, so I cleaned and tidied up as much as I could with what I had! I arrived fifteen minutes early and the place was a bedlam. It would have been impossible for me to even approach my patient at this time. In one corner two officers were preparing the enema solution, one pouring water into a vessel and the other adding soap and stirring, both testing the temperature of the solution and conferring but not agreeing on the proper temperature and concentration of soap. At the foot of the bed were three more officers who were preparing the enema receptacle by wrapping and padding it for the General's comfort. They had built a conical-shaped affair out of paper with a hole at the top. (At



the proper time the General was to be assisted in balancing himself in a sitting position over this creation).

But the most startling sight was a good old-fashioned American fountain syringe with at least five officers fussing over it. One, and I recognized my protagonist, Colonel Ho, had charge of the nozzle and he was lubricating it with vaseline, fondly stroking every inch of it. Next to him a Lieutenant-Colonel was testing the off-and-on clip over and over as though he felt his life depended on it. The next officer just held what hose there was left to hold—he was a Lieutenant. A Captain was checking the bag itself, apparently looking for defects or leaks, and he was supposed to be the “holder of the bag.” The last man on the team, also a Captain, did nothing except pass out advice. Later I found his job was to report at intervals on the amount of solution that had passed from the bag. Standing rigidly at attention, two at the foot of the bed and two at the head, were the General’s bodyguards, this time, however, unarmed.

Suddenly all was in readiness. There was an air of urgency. It was ten o’clock. In marched the higher-ranking officers of the army. Four of them were Generals, four Colonels, they formed a semicircular line around the foot of the bed and stood stiffly at attention. On command from Colonel Ho, the Lieutenant-Colonel turned his clip to “off,” then the solution-mixers marched to the bag-holding officer and, with considerable ceremony, poured the solution into the bag. The bag-watcher directed this procedure and determined, after several instructions to the solution-mixers, almost to the exact drop as the proper level of the fluid.

At this point in walked two officers holding a screen which was held at the foot of the bed, concealing the preparation and uncovering of the General’s parts for the enema. Following them was an officer equipped with sheets of that rough brown paper that everyone in that part of China is familiar with. It was his function to cleanse “the royal parts” when indicated. And now the body-guards lifted the General bodily and transferred him to the foot of the bed, holding him with his thighs flexed and placing him in the proper position to receive the enema but continuing to support his legs.

Again “on command,” the screen was removed (exposing the General’s behind) and making visible the stage for the “great event.” And now was the moment! Colonel Ho, with great formality and firmness, rammed the nozzle home but at an unfortunate angle, producing a loud grunt of distress from the General

who must have experienced a lot of pain from this maneuver.

Colonel Ho nodded to the turner-onner who, with great flourish pushed the clip to “on.” He in turn looked at the bag-holder who raised it to its proper level and then all eyes focused on the bag-watcher, who was perched on a stool intently inspecting the descent of the solution.

The silence was deafening. Then the watcher shouted something which indicated a third or fourth of the solution had passed. This caused nodding and expressions of approval within the high-ranking audience. Deep silence again, then another shout denoting further progress, and further expressions of approval. A third hush then the final announcement that the bag was empty. A signal to the “turner-offer” and he turned the clip to “off.” A nod to Colonel Ho and he gingerly removed the nozzle.

Now the General was lifted onto the receptacle and sat upon it with care. And there he sat, General of the Chinese 52nd Army, his legs crossed, a stern look on his broad face, wearing a little black cap with a tassle which hung to one side. Elbows on his knees, he solemnly looked up and down the line of his officers who still stood rigidly at attention. His gaze passed mine and I thought I caught a fleeting twinkle that seemed to say, “Isn’t this a hell of a position for an army commander to be in?”

The dead silence seemed to last hours and I could feel a little sweat on my brow. Still no sound, and then, faintly at first, a soft gurgling could be heard originating in the General’s upper abdomen. The sound became more distinct, the rumbling spreading down his belly and then with a burst and a spray—came a familiar sounding gust of escaping gas!

Yes, the General had passed his gas. The generals threw up their thumbs in happiness and excitement. Everything was “Ding Hao”!

Following the occasion of the General’s enema, things settled down to more normal routine. It was the Chinese New Year time and there were many parties celebrating this occasion. Since the enema was so successful and since the Chinese considered this fact a particularly good prognostic sign as to the General’s eventual recovery, I was beginning to be treated with more respect by most of the staff and allowed more freedom (I even went duck hunting). I was guest of honor at a Chinese New Year’s party given by the 52nd Army Engineers—I must say they were excellent hosts—much Saki was consumed and the food was delicious.



I was beginning to look ahead to returning to Kunming with more certainty. The General was improving every day and it looked as though I would make it yet!

On the 20th of January the General

was allowed to be up and the next day he insisted on dressing and having a picture taken of himself and me together. On January 25th I was finally given permission to return to Kunming—and that was wonderful news. □



**CHINA: The Peoples' Middle Kingdom and the U.S.A.** By John King Fairbank. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass. March 1967. \$2.95.

An authority in the field of Asian affairs, and a witness at the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings on China, provides an historical view of the "Middle Kingdom," as the Chinese traditionally call their country. These essays were first published in various major national magazines.

**DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL.** By Fred W. Friendly. Random House, New York, N.Y. April 1967. \$5.95.

Not a CBI book, but written by a former member of the staff of CBI Roundup who became best known when he was producer of "CBS Reports" and president of the CBS News Division. This is his "occupational memoir" of 16 years in television with CBS, in which he tells about accomplishments, embattled moments and bloopers. He also points out what he thinks is wrong with television.

**THE BRIDGE OF LOVE.** By Grace Nies Fletcher. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, N.Y. April 1967. \$4.95.

The author of "The Fabulous Flemings of Kathmandu" tells the story of a marriage that inspired a country: the American missionary and architect, William Merrell Vories, and his Japanese wife Maki, once of the Imperial Household. The book, with photographs, tells how she defied tradition and renounced wealth to join her husband in teaching Christianity.

**QUOTATIONS FROM CHAIRMAN MAO TSE-TUNG.** Handbook of the Red Guards, with quotations from Mao and others. Bantam Books, New York, N.Y. February 1967. Paperback, \$1.

Peking placed a large order for this little red book of quotations after Chinese Communist leaders checked it and found it faithfully reproduced Mao's

theories of worldwide revolution. The New China News Agency, official organ of the Chinese Communist Party Central Committee, was quoted as saying publication of the book in the United States proves "how China's Mao shines like a beacon in the dark places of the world." We disagree, too, but here's your opportunity to hear the Mao Tse-Tung line "from the horse's mouth."

**THE TEILHARD DE CHARDIN ALBUM.** Compiled and edited by Jeanne Morley and Marie-Louise Abpux. Harper & Row, New York, N.Y. March 1965. \$12.95.

A pictorial record of the life of a noted geologist and paleontologist who was also one of the greatest philosophers of our day. Included are scores of photographs, from boyhood to old age, as well as pictures and maps of his scientific expeditions in China, Africa, India, Java and Burma. Excerpts from his letters, reports, speeches and reflections mirror the development of his thought.

**THE GOLD OF MALABAR.** By Berkely Mather. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, N.Y. April 1967. \$4.95.

An adventure tale about Dutch gold hidden in the East Indies in 1941, eventually captured by the Japanese and buried in the jungles of Malabar. The search for the chart of the hiding place made by a Japanese officer and then the hunt for the gold itself is the basis of this story.

**MAO TSE-TUNG.** By Stuart Schram. Simon & Schuster, Inc., New York, N.Y. April 1967. \$7.50.

A political history that traces the evolution of Mao's thought from his early student days to the present. This book is objective but makes little effort to portray Mao as a person or to present any sense of excitement in the events that put him into the leadership of Communist China. It is a good source of research for anyone interested in Mao as a political philosopher.

**CLOWN ON FIRE.** By Aaron Judah. The Dial Press, New York, N.Y. April 1967. \$4.50.

The hero of this boisterous comic novel is a 17-year-old "bad boy" in World War II India. He is Joe Hosea, incorrigible, insatiably curious, clever, energetic, who constantly shatters the adult world in his adventurous pursuit of its logic.



# Families Look to Asia Again

Fifty years ago the "doughboys" of World War I went off to France to insure a lasting peace for future generations of the world. Those men won their war but lost the peace, and within 15 years their enemy was actively preparing to lead the world into the greatest conflict of all time.

Twenty-five years ago the "GIs" of World War II went off in all directions, to stop aggressor nations who were trying to overrun the entire world. A few of those GIs served in what they considered the "tail-end Charley" theater of their war. When they got home they just wanted to forget Southeast Asia; but now they have mellowed and are proud to have served in the much-neglected China-Burma-India Theater.

Twenty-five years later many of their sons are serving in Eastern Asia, and their letters home bring back to Dad many memories of his service in China, Burma and India. One such family is rich in such memories, having sent two sons and a favorite son-in-law to the Vietnam war in Southeast Asia.

This is the family of Col. and Mrs. Earl O. Cullum, now of Dallas, Tex.

Captain Richard O. Cullum graduated from the U.S. Military Academy at West Point in 1961, and served in Vietnam during the early phase of our participation there. He was with a small Special Forces team at a remote outpost location, and became commander of that team when his captain was killed in action. Cullum won the Combat Infantryman Badge and is now serving in a staff assignment in Korea.

Captain Kenneth H. Cullum was a Distinguished Military Graduate at Purdue in 1963. He served three years in Germany with the 3rd Armored Division, and was ordered directly to Vietnam where he is now serving with the 25th Infantry Division. Like his brother a one-time Eagle Scout and a qualified parachutist, the younger Cullum is looking forward to getting home to begin study toward his master's degree at Notre Dame.

The third "son" in the family is Technical Sergeant Edward G. Lee, who is on duty at a U.S. Air Force base near Vietnam. Colonel Earl O. Cullum proudly rates Sergeant Lee on a par with his two captains. Lee's father was killed in action in World War II, and Colonel Cullum points out that if his father had survived, Lee would probably have at-

tended college and received a commission too.

Colonel Cullum attended Texas A&M College and was an Infantry Reserve officer prior to World War II. He was assigned to the Military Police Corps in 1941 and served as an instructor at the Provost Marshal General's School. In 1943 he was assigned to the CBI Theater Provost Marshal section and served in the Ledo, Kunming and Calcutta areas. He then became commander of the newly-activated 159th Military Police Battalion at Chabua, with additional duty as Provost Marshal on the staff of General Joseph A. Cranston.

After World War II Colonel Cullum continued to participate in the U.S. Army Reserve program, and served as a chapter President of the Reserve Officers Association. He recently returned "home" to Dallas, Texas, and is looking forward to retirement from his civilian job as a government investigative agent.

He now has three grandsons, and is most anxious that they not become the third consecutive generation to perform military service in Southeast Asia. □

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# CBI DATELINE

**JAIPUR**—The recent week-long rain, accompanied by heavy hailstorms, played considerable havoc in Rajasthan. Six persons were killed. Besides, hundreds of sheep, goats and cattle perished in the rain which destroyed 25% to 75% of the standing crop in different areas.

**NEW DELHI**—"The first of summer's dust storms slapped Delhi-wallahs in the face last week. Rising eddies of dust swept the streets and traffic became more than usually cockeyed as drivers struggled with specks in their eyes. It is not too long a guess that policemen missed a few chalans as they rubbed their eyes at dusty intersections."—*Indian Notebook*

**PATNA**—Over 100,000 volunteers from 36 organizations and a large number of school teachers have joined relief operations to help the drought-stricken population. More than 1,000 free kitchens are distributing food to half-a-million people every day. Some organizations in the field are the Bharat Sewak Samaj, Red Cross, UNICEF, Marwari Relief Society and peace corps volunteers from the USA. Because of the continuous drought, 3,046 million people have lost three staple crops in succession. Malnutrition has been reported on a mass scale in spite of such precautions as multi-vitamin tablets.

**NEW DELHI**—Lord Mountbatten, accompanied by his eldest daughter, visited New Delhi in early March. He laid wreaths at the Samadhis of Mahatma Gandhi, Mr. Nehru and Mr. Shastri. Lord Mountbatten, the first Viceroy and first Governor-General of India, was there primarily to recapture some of the great moments in his life, during and after the war, for a British television company.

**GUAHATI**—Police fired at Tezpur to disperse students raiding the thana following an altercation between a student and a constable. Three people were killed and 30 injured. The altercation occurred when a student going in a rickshaw was prevented from entering the main bazar along the North Trunk Road where an assembly of Jain women had gathered to welcome five nuns who had come from the nearby town of Kharupetia. The police fired twice—the first time at the thana after it had been raided and the Police Club Building and a police jeep set ablaze; the second was at

the hospital when a crowd 500 strong gathered there demanding the right to enter the hospital and see those injured in the first firing.

**BOMBAY**—Smallpox had broken out in an epidemic form in many districts of Maharashtra and between January first and March 11 this year as many as 1,557 people have died in the epidemic reports Dr. Rafiz Zakaria, minister for public health. He said that 7,813 cases of smallpox had been reported. In Greater Bombay there were 634 attacks of which 244 were fatal, while 1,120 attacks and 205 deaths were reported from Akola district.

**SRINAGAR**—No Afghan dignitary could join the Kabul-Srinagar inaugural flight of the Indian Airlines as Pakistan raised certain objections. Pakistan made it known to the Afghan Government that if any member of the royal family, senior officer of the Afghan Government or reporter joined the flight to Kashmir, Pakistan would consider this as an unfriendly act. Junior executives of the Haryanan Airlines said that since passports and visa formalities could not be completed in the time the Afghan dignitaries were unable to join the flight!

**CALCUTTA**—The flourishing Armenian community of pre-war Calcutta has now dwindled to around 600. Australia appears a favourite with the young Armenian. England and the Middle East also attract the intending immigrant. An Armenian of 40 years standing admitted that this trend was likely to continue. "We love this country and have grown up here, but we are foreigners nonetheless, and the opportunities before us are limited", he explained. The first Armenians came to Calcutta as traders, 60 years before the British. Unlike other European settlers they remained traders, quite uninterested in the turbulent colonial politics of the 19th and 20th centuries. The earlier settlers traveled through the mountains on their mules and ponies carrying their merchandise of spices and other exotic produce. In their heyday, of the twenties and thirties they owned hotels, property, garages and racehorses. All this has now virtually disappeared, but their colourful personalities have left indelible imprints on the mansion of Calcutta and Turf fraternity.

**ALLAHABAD**—More than 100 persons have died of starvation in the drought-affected district of Mirzapur, according to Mr. Gur Narain, general secretary of the Uttar Pradesh Drought Relief Committee. Mr. Narain said that it was a pitiable sight when he saw thousands of people "just waiting for death."



# A Most Unusual Funeral

By PATRICK. A. BERGIN, M.M.

*Reprinted from Maryknoll*

In the year 612 of the Christian era, Korea was invaded by one of the greatest forces the world had seen. On the western bank of the Liao River, the Emperor of China massed 40 regiments of calvary and 80 of infantry. The entire force of some 1,130,000 men stretched along the road for 320 miles. It was not the first invasion of Korea by the Chinese, nor was it the last. Another invasion took place the day we buried Lao Pan Gregory, 78, long a guest at the Old Folks' Home in the Chinese parish in Inchon. The pastor, Father Joseph P. McCormack of the Bronx, New York, started the parish about six years ago to serve the city's sizable Chinese community. During his furlough it was administered, more or less, by me.

This most recent invasion was somewhat more modest than the one thirteen centuries ago. It was made up of the casket containing Lao Pan, the handyman Li, three friends of the deceased, four altar boys, the temporary pastor and Katerina, our lady catechist. All were loaded on a truck hired for the occasion and driven to the Chinese cemetery outside the city.

On the way, the invasion was halted by a Korean policeman. He considered the expeditionary force rather remarkable and so asked, "Who? What? Where?" Informed by Katerina that this was a Chinese funeral, accompanied by the foreign priest (indicated by a wave of her fan), he stepped back, bowed and directed the march to proceed.

Proceed it did. There is something about the opportunity to charge through an Oriental city at 55 miles an hour that brings out the adventurer in us all. The driver was no exception. Oxcarts, buses, taxicabs were overtaken and passed on either side. Pedestrians were given their daily reminder that death can come unexpectedly.

Leaving the paved road the cortege moved sedately, about 40 miles an hour, down twisting country lanes, over hill, valley and one or two chickens. When the cemetery was reached, the driver indicated a good place to begin the final procession by applying the brakes suddenly. For one brief moment we all experienced togetherness.

One by one we untangled arms, legs, a few splinters from the casket and a

holy-water sprinkler. Then we started the last mile up the side of a small hill, past a little stream and into the cemetery proper, but not before the driver was paid for his services (the equivalent of \$3.70) and sent back to his loved ones with our blessing.

The final resting place of Lao Pan was reached. In the absence of an occupant, it had been used by the Korean caretaker to grow vegetables. This good man looked calmly on as the Chinese began pulling up his corn, trampling his beans, and hacking away at his cucumber vine. I thought there was a glimpse of fatalism in his eyes. He seemed to say that it was always thus—they come, they pillage, they destroy and then they leave.

A hole was dug in the terraced earth and the casket of Lao Pan brought near. Then the innate Oriental sense of decorum chose to make itself known. Li, the handyman, began to beautify the sides of the grave with the shovel. It wouldn't be fitting to make just any hole do for a grave. He finally tossed the shovel aside with a grand gesture and looked up with the pleased glance of a man who, when all was said and done, had his standards.

Except his standards were not as rigid as those of Bi, a friend of the deceased. This gentleman proceeded to show how a grave should be finished properly, as his sure movements indicated. All the elders in turn added touches of their own until, finally, the casket was lowered into place.

The altar boys had not been idle all this time. Advised that the priest planned to use holy water and incense to bless the ground, they were busy dropping the charcoal and tipping over the bottle of holy water. By the time the grave was ready, they had managed to get a few leaves smoldering in the thurible.

After the grave was sprinkled with holy water the remains of Lao Pan Gregory were consigned to the blessed earth. Filling the grave took little time, since the custom is to dig a shallow hole and to heap the loose earth over the coffin in the form of a mound.

Next to Lao Pan was a Buddhist grave with quantities of paper money spread over it. The belief is that the soul of the departed needs money for his journey into the next life. Such was not Lao Pan's belief, but I'm sure that a few pieces of currency near the zealous



shovelers were interred with Lao Pan. Some clumps of grass were added to keep the mound from being washed away by rains. Then, after a last look, the Chinese expeditionary force withdrew.

The journey back to Inchon was eventful. In any disciplined army the idea is to spread out so that the enemy cannot destroy all the troops with one attack. So the scouts, Bi and Li, bearing a pick and shovel, went on ahead stealthily and quietly until they were 50 yards in front of the main force. Only by keeping their voices at the highest pitch could they communicate with the stragglers.

Soon a question of precedence arose. Was Yu Lin always to carry the holy water? Did he think no one else could touch it? Let him carry the thurible for a while and see how he liked it.

A halt was called as the troops descended upon a community well. Even the small Korean children responded to the call of hospitality and willingly drew water for the men. Only as we were ready to leave the bivouac area did an incident take place. A Korean woman had been washing her rice in a bowl. Katerina, our catechist, watched her for a few minutes and then helpfully told her, "That's no way to wash rice. Here, let me show you."

The words hung in the air like a knife.

Among Koreans, this simply is not said. No woman ever criticizes another woman to her face for her way of washing rice.

I gave the woman my best bow. Since she then was forced to bow back, I grabbed Katerina and led the rest of the troops out of the village. Cities have been destroyed for less, I thought. Fortunately, the woman didn't follow.

The road finally led to the highway and we boarded a bus, for which the troops deserve full credit. Have you ever tried to look nonchalant getting on a bus with a pick, shovel, holy-water sprinkler, incense and thurible, as well as a foreigner? They would have carried it off handsomely, too, except that the little girl collecting fares wanted to know how many people were in the party. Slowly hands were raised.

"There are three back here you didn't see," shouted a voice from the rear of the bus.

"How many all together?"

"Nine, plus the priest."

"Plus the who?"

"Plus the priest—the foreigner."

"Let's see then, that's how many all together?"

"Try ten, I thought. But no, she preferred to count one by one. So the journey to bury Lao Pan ended and the invasion faded away. □



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# Cops Feel Betrayed By Government

By CHANDRA GUPTA

San Francisco Chronicle

Most of New Delhi's 12,000 policemen feel personally betrayed by the central government. They say their horses get better treatment than they do.

As one perturbed constable put it: "We receive a petty salary of \$10 a month, while the horses we ride get an allowance of \$13.33 a month." Despite the Lilliputian salary, he is expected to perform Gargantuan tasks.

Some of the gross injustices policemen complain about include the regulation requiring constables to remain on duty for 24 hours a day, and the police code that makes it necessary for constables to get permission to leave the barracks, even for a haircut.

On his salary a constable is expected to turn up each morning in a crisp, clean uniform, to pay for his own transportation to his post five miles away, to supplement his routine two meals a day, and to send his savings back to his village to feed, clothe and educate his children.

After completing a rigorous 12-hour tour of duty, the weary constable arranges for his own transportation back to the station. Previously, he was authorized to ride for free on the local buses, but this privilege has been rescinded by the Delhi administration. Without a small travel allowance or even a handy bicycle the policemen are now arbitrarily stopping scooter drivers and hitching rides to and from their posts.

The most harrowing statistic is that fewer than 5 percent of the constables are provided with living quarters, while the slighted majority live in cramped barracks. The constables from rural areas get to see their families for no more than a month every year. The inevitable consequence is a high rate of homosexuality and frequent visits to the old Delhi brothels.

In New Delhi, which is a Union Territory like Washington, D.C., there often arises a clash from the duality of authority between the local Delhi administration and the Home Ministry of the central government.

When the Home Minister began a Price Rise Resistance Movement to buffer inflation, local citizens were encouraged to resist the higher prices demanded by the local traders. On one occasion, several goondas, or gangsters, thrashed a milk seller and spilled his

buckets in the road. A local constable apprehended the toughs, then took them to the police station where the head constable registered a complaint against them. The Home Minister heard of the incident and ordered the head constable to be immediately suspended.

The rank and file of Delhi's constables would like to be put on equal footing with the sepoy of the Indian Army. For instance, the constables are clamoring for an Army mess that would provide them with something more than two cold meals a day.

Policemen who have participated in peaceful demonstrations have been jailed, and hundreds have been carried away in trucks and left in far off places in Rajasthan, Madhya Pradesh and Uttar Pradesh. Their trunks have been broken and cash, watches, and other valuables have been confiscated. Their leaders and many others have been beaten with iron chains and rifle butts.

Eight hundred of them were whisked away to the local jail by Border Security Forces recently after demonstrating in front of the Home Minister's residence. They demanded greatly improved working conditions. □

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## Ex-CBI Roundup

P.O. Box 125

Laurens, Iowa

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



# 45th Q.M. Truck Outfit Had Infantry Duty

By EDWARD H. CLARK

Twenty-five years ago the 45th Quartermaster Truck Regiment was activated at Camp Knight, Oakland, Calif.

About January 1943 we proceeded to Camp Stoneman, where we did double duty in training ourselves, as well as in helping to carry departing troops to the ships and also delivering by convoy large numbers of vehicles to ports of embarkation up and down the Pacific Coast from the Stockton Ordnance Depot to Vancouver, Wash., Port Hueneme, Calif., and Los Angeles, Calif. We sailed on the transport George Washington from San Pedro in September 1943. Incidentally, I had ridden this great old ship twice before—once in 1911 as a civilian passenger and the second time returning from duty in the AEF in December 1918.

We were six weeks at sea to Bombay, with a two-day stopover for refueling at Hobart, Tasmania, where we were the second contingent of American troops to touch at that port. We managed to get a little change from our ship routine by giving the natives a parade through the city of Hobart, which was received with great enthusiasm.

After four days in Bombay we went around on the British transport, Nevasa, to Calcutta; whence the first and third battalions proceeded by river and train to Ledo, Assam, headquarters for the Advance Combat Area, and the Ledo Road, General Pick commanding. My battalion, the second, later designated under the new War Department Regulations as the 68th Quartermaster Battalion Mobile, stayed over to clean up the bottleneck which had developed in Calcutta with regard to supplies being forwarded to Ledo from incoming ships to large barges and via the Bengal and Assam Railway. This mission accomplished, my battalion joined the regiment in the latter part of December 1943 and early January 1944.

The duties of the 45th Group consisted of rail unloading and conveying supplies forward for the Chinese Army in India and Merrill's Marauders, who arrived shortly after we did. The conveying continued in ever-increasing distances as the length of the road was extended until it linked up with the Burma Road, at which time we were one of the first units to be put on Burma convoy duty delivering vehicles of all kinds to our China Theater Headquarters at Kunming.

There was one short interim of three or four weeks before, during and after the Japanese attempt to break out into the Imphal Plain, which, as you know, was British responsibility, when we were

called on to assume infantry duty to protect the Ledo Base in the event of a possible attack by the Japanese coming north to cut off the railhead. However, not a single Jap showed up and we returned to convoy duty.

After V-J Day we finally left Ledo by train across India to Karachi in October 1945 and eventually arrived in New York November 24. All units were broken up at Camp Kilmer, N.J., and officers and soldiers returned by detachments to camps nearest their homes. □

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## EX-CBI ROUNDUP

P. O. BOX 125

Laurens, Iowa



## Commander's Message

by

Joseph T. Nivert

National Commander  
China-Burma-India  
Veterans Assn.



Dear CBI Friends,

If I had to pick out the busiest month of my term of office, it would have to be the glorious month of May. Busy because of reasons that you may have shared with me. First come those spring chores that simply must be done around the home. At work, our company enjoys a little boom in the spring of each year which calls for a few extra hours. The CBIVA itself seems to burst into bloom with invitations coming in asking to visit the various groups. Sorry, there just isn't enough time. Here is one good solution that you might consider.

The annual CBIVA family reunion is but a short time away. You plan to be in Cincinnati, Ohio, on August 2, 3, 4, & 5, 1967. I will certainly be there and it's here that we will enjoy our get-together with ourselves and with hundreds of others. This reunion will be sheer enjoyment and something to look forward to.

Tillie and I visited Cincinnati in early April to attend an Ohio State Department meeting. We were treated to Queen City hospitality and extend a big thanks to basha commander, Bill McDaniels, and the arrangement committee for hosting a most enjoyable event.

It was there that I learned of the wonderful program lined up by reunion chairman, Bill Eynon. Only now do I realize how big a task this is. You, too, would understand why help is so appreciated and why Bill is thankful for his most sincere committee. There are problems and details involved which would

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*This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup or vice versa.*  
—Ed.

make it impossible for any one or two men to handle. This planning is a real team effort.

Cincinnati is a beautiful town that we all will enjoy. The program is just as beautiful, made to order for you and for your family. You just come and make it a point to stop and talk to me if only for a minute. I'll appreciate it.

This message is written in April. To myself, this means that the very next message will be my swan song. This makes way for brighter, newer ideas and interesting messages of a new National Commander. I take this opportunity to thank Neil Maurer and the Ex-CBI Roundup for his generosity and consideration and also for being my friend. You should meet this wonderful guy.

Aside from the July message being my last, I'll relate details of the Iowa State meeting, the National Board meeting, and the Delaware Valley Basha extravaganza of May 27th. The Philadelphians plan to invite members of their neighboring bashas to help them celebrate and to share with them, the CBI spirit that keeps their members young, contented, and happy.

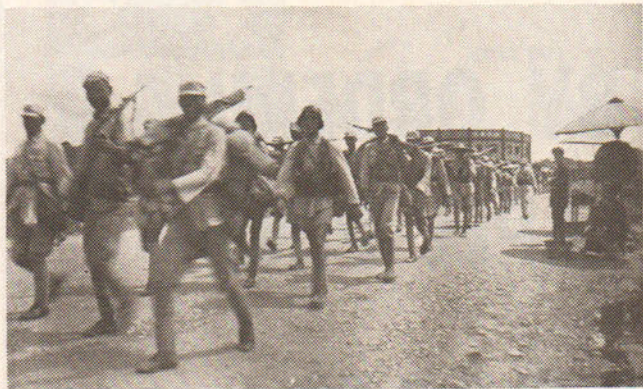
I did congratulate Basha Commanders from time to time but I know that some were slighted. A wrong that must be amended at this time. Basha Commanders are great people, unsung heroes of the CBIVA. They have a tough job but seem to overcome their problems easily. These are the persons that forever strive for new members for their basha and it's these new members that keep the National very much alive. Thanks friends.

Hope to meet these new commanders soon. They are: Joseph B. McGee, Alamo City Basha. Albert C. Taylor, Buffalo Basha. Henry Wood, Chicago Basha. Bertha Urenson, Delaware Valley Basha. Steve Stevens, Detroit Basha. Marvin Boyenga, Iowa State Basha. Ray A. Lent, Houston Basha. James DeChristefero, Mahoning Valley Basha. Alphonse Wilhelm, Ohio State Department. William R. McDaniels, Queen City Basha. Ken Bisby, San Francisco Basha. Russell K. Waldo, Dhobi-Wallah Basha. Carl Hilger, San Diego Basha. James A. Thompson, Southern Tier Basha. C. J. Wipfli, St. Louis Basha. Oliver Johnson, Tey Kerna Feyhr Basha. James Thayer, Toledo Basha. Billie Todd Lambert, Washington, D.C. Basha. A few other bashas are presently inactive but far from dead. Where's that spirit?

Once again, don't forget the CBIVA reunion! Make your reservations now if you haven't already done so, and plan to see your CBI friends in Cincinnati. If you've never attended one of these reunions, it will be an experience you will never forget!

EX-CBI ROUNDUP





CHINESE troops march toward the battle zone at Liuchow. Photo by Milton Klein.

#### The West Point

● Enjoyed reading the January issue; you do a wonderful job. Every CBler should receive your magazine. They don't know what they are missing! I would like to know if anybody knows what became of the ship, the West Point. It took many GIs to India. After World War II it was called the SS America. I served with 263rd General Hospital.

J. V. KELLNER,  
4852 N. Sheridan Rd.,  
Chicago, Ill. 60640

*This ship was also known as the America before World War II, following construction in 1940, when it operated in West Indian waters. It was taken over by the Navy in 1942 and renamed; made 35 overseas voyages. It was released from troop service in February 1946, transferred from the Navy to WSA at Hampton Roads, and was subsequently reconditioned at the building yard. Perhaps someone else can continue the story from that point.—Ed.*

#### Thomas Snow Akers

● Death came recently at Fountain City, Tenn., to a man who was blinded in battle almost a quarter-century ago, but who never lost his zest for living. He was Thomas Snow Akers, 57, a screw manufacturing machinist in a Pratt &

Whitney airplane factory. Akers was blinded in the China-Burma-India theater when he was struck in the spine by a bullet while manning his machine gun against the Japanese. He never regained full vision, and eventually lost all light perception. He was awarded a medal by Chiang Kai-shek and received a Presidential Cita-

tion Medal from President Roosevelt. Survivors include his wife, whom he married after his return from overseas in 1944; his father and two brothers.

(From a newspaper clipping submitted by W. G. Bruce, Knoxville, Tenn.)

#### Signal Outfits

● Served with 31st Signal Hvy. C. Bn. and 3105th Signal Service Battalion in North Africa, India, China and Burma. Would like to hear from some of my old buddies. You have a great magazine; keep up the good work.

STAN PASZKEWICZ,  
399 Lawrie Street,  
Perth Amboy, N.J.

#### Served at Chengtu

● Just found out about Ex-CBI Roundup. I was with the 1980th Trk. Co. Avn. located at Chengtu, China.

KURT C. JOHNSON  
McHenry, Ill.



MERCHANTS display their wares on the street in Darjeeling, India. Photo by Julius L. Rosenfeld.



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